TYPES AND TRAITS OF NATIONAL SENATORS.

Exponents of Congressional Dignity as They Appear to Ordinary People in the Visitors' Gallery.

STATESMEN ON SHOW

Favorite Poses of Allison, Sherman, Gorman and Plumb-Wild Westerners Will Disturb the Chamber's Quiet Dulness.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 7, 1891.—Look down from the gallery of the Senate, you patriotic Americans, and contempiate a most impressive spectacle typi-

cal of your country's greatness. Upon the floor below you eighty-eight Senators of sovereign States have seats, and individually and collectively express the dignity of the American Republic.

True, you will not at any time see these eightyeight there together; indeed, you will be lucky if you see as many as a score, the rest being engaged



in telling ponderous anecdotes of ancient flavor in the clock room or supervising certain repairs to fences in distant parts of our broad land; but such as are there are worth going miles to see,

Notice as you enter the chamber the atmosphere of eminent respectability, profound, sombre, paipa-ble, almost thick enough to be cut with a knife.

Ah, ha! You have observed it before, have you?

That is the air of Senatorial dignity which envelops each member like a cloud. It exudes from his personality as the odor of sanctity from the It is thickest on the floor where members most do congregate; it thins gradually away through doors and corridors. From the distance of the House end of the Capitol you will not notice it at all.

Do you know what it comes from? It comes from what are called the heavy responsibilities of Senatorial life. You may not know it, but the whole political and social fabric of the Republic rests upon the shoulders of our Senators. If they should pull out the whole thing would go to smash, and they knew it.

and they know it.

A TYPE.

No wender the typical Senator paces abroad with allow and pensive gait and sober mies. No wender bis eyes are inward turned as he wrestles with the problem of the nation's future. Deep on his front engraven not only deliberation sits and public care, but a natural tings of sadness too. What would happen to the country if he should make a misstep? Suppose he should stumble and fall!

Consider for a while the typical American Senator.



The typical Scuator usually halfs from an Eastern State.

The typical Senator usually halls from an Eastern State.

Sometimes he doesn't. Now, here comes that stately person, Senator William B. Allison, who, General Logan said once, could walk on a tiled floor with brass nails in his shoes and make no more noise than a cat. Senator Allison halls from Iowa, but you couldn't find a more typical Senator in a month's hunding. Everything about him speaks the statesman, from his huge collar of Henry Clay design to his old fashioned square-toed boots. His head has the statesman's droop, his shirt front has statesmanis droop, his shirt front has attacsmanike expanse, his black string the has the statesman's knot, his suit of sober black the statesman's watchword from his earliest youth and caution is the good, stout horse on which he thinks he may yet ride to the White House. There is not a word, not a sentiment in all his utterances, public or private, that could give offence to friend or enemy. When the here fight for and against prohibition was on in his State it required a caution not short of genius to keep a man in Senator Allison's position steering clear of one side or the other; but the Senator did thand made campraign speeches during the gight and made campraign speeches during the gight and made campraign speeches during the gight made no one knows to this day whether he favored prohibition or opposed it.

Faw people know how near Mr. Allison came to being the republican candidate for Fresident in 1885 not by what violation of pleages the prize was taken from him when he had it in his hands. For this defeat he is supposed by some persons to entertain feelings of bitterness and disgust. But not aven the Senator's discest friend over heard a whisper or the slightest milmation from him of any such thought.

Looss were at the Senator strange.

any such thought.

LOOSS WIRE AND SATS NOTHING.

Senator Allison's stronghold is financial matters.

About such topics he is the Senato's acknowledged authority—on the republican side. But if he has not views on such matters he expresses them only



SANDERS-MOSTANA.

in carefully studied and polished speeches on the floor or in heavy magazine articles. Otherwise he is dumber than the clam that died four bundred years ago and colder than the winds of Greenland. Many a bright young Washington correspondent has, in the oxuberance of life's springtime, gone up against this living iceberg with hope and joy, and gone away with his young heart frozen fast in his bosom. The Senator's use for the press, in fact, is limited to subscriptions to the backwoods weeklies of his State, copies of which publications he finds useful for pantry shelves.

You will notice how that while I have been making these remarks the Senator has been sitting far task; in his chair absorbed in thought. Absorbed in thought is the steady occupation of the typical senator when he is not engaged in fence repairing. That gentleman with the iron gray and ourly him and beard, the clean shaven upper lip and the sir of melancholy mingled with his share of the dignity, is Senator Hiscock, of New York. No, it is not true, as you unagine from his appearance, that he knows everything in the wide, wide world. He made public exhibition the other day of the fact that he knew nothing about New York's census case nor what he was sent to the Senate for nor everal other things. On the other hand, it is not true, as is commonly maintained in Washington, that he knew nothing. He was told not long ago that he was the handsource man in the Senate, and be said that he knew it, and undonbedly told the truth. He also knows more than to willingly go against Senator Gorman made a holy show of him. It was 't and 'the chart of the state of the fact in the wide world. The last time Mr. Gorman made a holy show of him.

as "that vascular and gloomy person," but this is not true, and I hasten to do Senator Hiscock the justice of saying so. What Mr. Ingalls did say was that Mr. Hiscock was "a vascular chump." Let us be just and tell the truth about these libings.

Fifty of the best Washington correspondents were asked not long ago to define what constitutes news, and one of them said that suything strange, unusual, extraordinary or out of the ordinary course of things was news. "For instance," he said, illustratively, "if Senator Hiscock, of New York, should say a bright thing that would constitute the biggest kind of news."

But this, again, is somewhat unjust. If humor consists of the incongruity of the idea Senator Hiscock certainly said a humorous thing the other day when he maintained that the only reason New York did not get a recount from the Census Bureau was because the application was not made by reputable persons.

was because the application are speech and some-times he engages in debate, and then I think the angels must weep. But most of the time he sita still, a monument of dignity and reserve. Then he is at his best, and the ladies in the gallery pretty nearly worship him.

angels must weep. But most of the time he sits still, a monument of dignity and reserve. Then he is at his best, and the ladies in the gallery pretty nearly worship him.

You will not fail to recognize near Senator Hiscock, on the republican side, the face of John Sherman, made familiar by caricature and portrait. Mr. Sherman is as cold and dignified as Mr. Allison and knows as much as Mr. Hiscock thinks he knows, and how could man become a better Sonator than that? Mr. Sherman's voice is seldom heard in the Senate now except on petition day, when he sends in the prayer of sixteen grangers of Hooppie, Okio, for a national warehouse for pumpkins and rutabagas. Ordinarily he, too, is absorbed in thought or sits with one hand up to his mouth, with an air of languid endurance of the proceedings. Mr. Sherman's name will not be coupled to the human memory by any bright phrases like the name of poor legalis nor by able comments on current events like the names of many Sanators of really less experience in national affairs. He thinks, I suppose: at least, he looks as if he thought; shut you couldn't get an expression of his thoughts out of him with a drill.

So much for typical Senators.

THE SHOW MEDINS.

Now does Vice President Morton tap gently on his desk with a small hunk of ivory and in voice just above a whisper venture to call these dignified persons to order. Now does the chaplain recite a brief prayer while the Senate stands. Now does the clerk intone with lightning articulation the journal of the previous day, which not a living being hears. Now does Mr. Morton announce the business of the day begun, and a Senator gets up in the corner on the republican side just under the gallery and begins to read something from printed slipe of paper.

Notice this Senator. He is very tall, with a long, thick, spreading bear day whice and respectable figure, his attrie immacuiate and to the last degree subdued in tone, his air one of great earnestness and conviction. He is Senator Dolph, a nice old gentleman from Oregon.

While Mr. Dolph is working himself into a state of mind all alone and by himself, take a good look



at that smooth faced, keen eved man in the centre of the democratic side. That is Senator Arthur P. Gorman, the leader of the democrats and just now the most famous man in Congress. The fight that he made against the Force bill and the amazing victory he won over it will be as historic as Webster's spaceh in reply to Hayne or any other great contest in the annals of Congress. To defeat a republican party measure when with every democrat in his seat the republicans had a majority of fourteen is a wonderful achievement, and the glory of it belongs first to Senator Gorman's spiendid leadership.

Mr. Gorman may be said to have developed in spite of bimself, for it is understood that he has little personal ambition to be his party's leader and would rather restore the pictures and books that were burned in his house the other day than chase political honors. He is a leader simply because he has the natural qualifications of a leader, and that in larger share than any other man on either side in either house.

Personally Mr. Gorman is an exceedingly quiet and self-contained gentleman, with a cold, dry, log leal way of putting things and a command of himself that he never loses for an instant. His most remarkable feature is his eyes, as sharp as two swords and backed up with an evident development of the perceptive faculties far boyond the average. He is a very hard man to debate with or try to have fun with; as a general rule it turns out that he has all the fun. His customary attitude in debate or while there is something he is interested in going on is standing, leaning negligently back against the front of his desk, with a little slip of foided paper in his hands and



EVARTE. his eyes glued to the speaker on the republican After awhile he begins to ask questions. Then the trouble starts.

Every question is a pitfall. In about two or three minutes he usually has his opponent fast in

three minutes he usually has his opponent fast in one.

How he tangles them up.

When the New York census case was being debated the other day, Mr. Gorman asked Mr. Hiscock, who was making a tirade against the city's cause, an apparently simple question about the character of the Second ward. Mr. Hiscock floundered through an answer to it and went on. In a minute or two Mr. Gorman asked the same question again. Mr. Hiscock answered it by reversing his previous answer. After awhile Mr. Gorman saked it again. Then Mr. Hiscock gave an answer totally different from either of the others. The quick witted Maryland man had divined from the start that Mr. Hiscock was taking about something he knew nothing about, and he went on in his cool way with his quiet, dry, persistent questions until he had the Syracusan bellowing like a buil and splitting the sears of the Senatovial disastir.

the ears of the Senate with assertions obviously absurd.

Mr. Gorman's Senatorial dignity will never smother anybody that comes in contact with him. He is in private life just as he is in the Senate—a quiet, unpretentious, approachable gentleman, and the idol of the democrats in Washington.

Mr. Dolph is still growing eloquent on the unuterable infamy of cast steel gons, but you will not lose anything if you stop to observe a youngish looking man who is lessing over the back of a chair at the rear of the Chamber talking horses to old Senator Stewart. That young man is Senator



This man is John G. Carliele of Kentucky, next to Senator distributions and his total lack of the said that he knew it, and undoubtedly told the truth. He also knows more than to willingly coagainst Senator Gorman in debase—since that the usual way of saluting a the truth. He also knows more than to willingly coagainst Senator Gorman in debase—since the said that he knew it, and undoubtedly told the truth. He also knows more than to willingly coagainst Senator Gorman in debase—since the sacround, joily, handsome face, a compact form, and cares not a rap for traditions of the Chamber of the traces of his pasty. He voices as he pleases, like as he pleases, gives out his opinions with breaty independence, carries his hands in his sometiments. This man is John G. Carliele of Kentucky, next to Senator Gorman the first man on the extent to Senator Gorman in the extent of his constitutional and legal knowledge; only in ferior to him as a leader because his mind is so in the Chamber of his constitutional and legal knowledge; only in ferior to him as a leader because his mind is so indical and impartial he cannot be a strong partial and impartial he cannot be a strong partial cannot be a strong partial and impartial he cannot be a strong partial cannot be a strong partial and impartial he cannot be a strong partial cannot be a strong partial and impartial he cannot be a strong partial cannot be a strong partial and impartial he cannot be a strong partial cannot be a strong partial and impartial he cannot be a strong partial cannot be a strong partial and impartial he cannot be a strong partial and impartial he cannot be a strong partial he cannot be a strong partial

pockets, laughs out loud when he wants to and dearly loves a good horse race. It is said that he has even been known to laugh at the modish old ladies who cramplify the dignity of the Chamber, and there are people depraced enough not to blame him.

SO THEY LEAVE HIM ALONE.

A very Dana for clearness and terseness. He doesn't care about debates, but when he makes a speech in an extended discussion it is something well worth hearing.

But what has he got in his mouth, and why does he make periodical visits to a compadore while he is talking? On my word he is compared to the company to have the company

and there are people depraved enough not to blame him.

SO THEY LEAVE HIM ALONE.

Mr. Wolcott was one of the republican Senatora who voted and spoke against the Force bill, and for this and other reasons is looked upon with severe disfavor by Grandma Hoar and others. But Mr. Wolcott doesn't care, not he. He knows that none of these nice old people want to cross swords with him in debate. He gets in on his adversaries with a quickness and a strength of expression that makes them stare. When Mr. Wolcott first opened out on the Force bill Senator Power, who might be Senator Hoar's brother, he is so like him, came up during a pause and said plaintively, "Oh. Wolcott, Wolcott, you have ruined your reputation!" "Well, you go and get one!" snapped Mr. Welcott sharply, and went on. After he had shot out three or four times at other gentlemen who thought they wanted to do business with him, they let him severely alone, and now he goes his own gait and is pointed out as one of the brightest men in the Senate. Which he is.

Mr. Wolcott is also the gentleman who declared in the Senate once that "President Harrison's pub-



lic utterances had been few and of no importance," and has taken no pains at any time to conceal his contempt for the present administration.

He is also the gentleman who distributes his winnings at the race track among messenger boys and hotel porters.

So altegether it would be hard for any man to be more popular in Washington than Senator Welcott.

be more popular in Washington than Senstor Wolcott.

A DOCEY MOUNTAIN BREEZE.

Speaking of Westerners brings me naturally to the good-natured visage of Mr. McConnell, from the new State of Idaho, whose advent in the chamber created the profoundest sensation noticed in that historic place since the war. Mr. McConnell isn't just breezy; he's cyclonic. He waltzed into that grave and reverend assembly and hicked the palpable atmosphere of dignify full of holes in five minutes. About the first thing that happened after he got in old Mr. Evarts made one of his real nice speeches, and when he got through Mr. McConnell went up to him, hit him a resounding slap on the back and roared:—

"Evarts, old man, that was a cracking good speech of yours. Yes, it was; it was a dandy manups, and don't you forget it, and we want you people down here to understand that we're with you; we're right with you, you know, and we'll back up everything you say if it takes a leg."

Mr. Evarts, who is the pink and image of exclusive propriety, gasped for breath and limped away, and the other typical Senators looked at each other with staring eyes and wondered what would happen nest.

A day or two afterward Mr. Vice President Mor-

away, and the other typical Schators located at each other with staring eyes and wondered what would happen nest.

A day of two afterward Mr. Vice President Morton made a ruling from the chair which turned the democrats down on a point they were trying to make, and that struck Mr. McConnell as very funny. He chuckled away to himself as long as the seesion lasted, and when adjournment was taken he went up to the Vice President and, poking him in the ribe, said, with Western playfulness:—"You're up to their tricke, sin't you? Can't feel you with those dodges. You know your business, and we want you to know wo're with you about these things."

And with every sentence he gave Mr. Morton a sly poke and with every poke a wink.

Courtly Mr. Morton, I suppose, thought this must be a new specimen of the human race, and made all the allowances for it he could. But the Senators who had been shocked before were simply floored when they heard of it.

Joyous Mr. McConnell, by the way, was one of three Senators elected by Idaho, and drew lots with another to see who should sit until March 4 and who should sit for six years. Mr. McConnell



got the short straw, and having only a brief time to distinguish bimself, has, I presume, done his heat. Certainly he has met with much success. He had only been a Senator eight hours when there came up a vote on the Force bill and he voted against it, after which his name was not McConnell, but E. Dennis Mud, so far as this administration was concerned.

Mr. McConnell is not very popular among the typical Senators, but it is understood that Mr. Wolcott and Mr. Teller and the rest of the weak and unregenerate who have real red blood in their veins look upon his early departure with genuine regret.

regret.
It is not often there is anything amusing in the Senate chamber.

Senate chamber.

HE ISN'T SOCKLESS, ANYWAY.

The man who comes nearest to Mr. McConnell in his unconventional manners, at least, is hearty old Senator George, of Mississippi, over there on the democratic side, a little way to the left of Mr. Gorman. Mr. George is a very able mas and has good store of learning, but he has a sovereign contempt for the refinements of the effets Esst, and says so whenever he feels like it. If Mr. George's shoes feel uncomfortable he takes them off and sits in his white cotton socks. If he wants to has gone foot over the edge of his deak he does it, whether he has shoes on or not. He persists in talking in a loud, kearse voice to anybody in his neighborhood that he wants to talk to, and heeds not the frowns of the stately gentlemen on the other side who want to be absorbed in thought. He stamps about the chamber, goes to sleep when he feels inclined, anorts at things he doesn't like and



cares not one snap of his finger for what may be said of him.

Which reminds me:—
Somebody much offended by these singular traits applied to Mr. George the epithet of "the Educated Hog." Se somebody else went to Mr. Ingalls and asked if he didn't believe it controverted the best ideas of Senatorial dignity to call a Senator by such a name. a name.
"Great Scott! I should think so," said Mr. In-galls, with great earnestness. "Who has done this? Who in all this world has ventured to call that man educated?"

who is all this world has ventured to call that man educated?"

AGREAT FIGURE.

Mr. Dolph has ceased to saw the sir and vociferate about the wrongs of buils up guns, and now one of the most striking figures in the Senate gets up to reply. He is a rather tall man, with a sturdy frame and long arms and a clerical attire—straight standing collar and long black coat. But his face—that is the most extraordinary thing about him. Somehow or other every line in it tells of mental power and reserved force. His head is hald in iron and otherwise he makes you think of the pletures of Dean Swift, only he has some of Swift's cynicism or coarseness.

This man is John G. Carlisle of Kentucky, next to Senator Gorman the first man on the democratic side; superior even to Gorman in the extent of his constitutional and legal knowledge; only inferior to him as a lender because his mind is so judicial and impartial he cannot be a strong partisan.

Senators do not dive for the clock room when

speech in an extended discussion it is something well worth hearing.

But what has he got in his mouth, and why does he make periodical visits to a cuspadore while he is talking? On my word, he is chewing tobacco in the face of the assembled grandeur of Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Sherman and Mr. Hoar, and that is all he cares for the sanctity of tradition.

If you were to see that man who is rolling down the siele there with that peculiar swagger and that full moon face hauging around a Bowery saloon you would think he was a pretty tough man, wouldn't you? His chin whiskers and thin, closely shave upper lip give him the look of thard, worldly superience that you would naturally expect to see in a—well, you wouldn't look for it in a minister of the Gospel, anyway. Well, never did face worse belie a man. That is Senator Preston B. Flumn, of Kansas, and he isn't a tough man at all, but an eminently good and respectable citizen. He isn't poor, cither; so there is really no reason why he should wear that suit of loud and cheap hand-medowns. Mr. Flumb is a great mark for visitors from his native State, and he talks to them freely, just as if he wasn't a Senator. For which some day, no shoult, he will get into trouble.

Senator Plumb's legs get tangled up sometimes—though he is a strict temperance man—and always when he walks seem about to give way sideways under him. Visitors who see him rolling amiably about the Senate take him for a doorkeeper or attendant. But that is where they are mistaken. Senators Plumb knows several things that more imposing Senators have forgotien.

Senator Gorman's right hand, man, both on the diagram of the Senate floor and in the contests which the democratic leader wages with the republicane, is Senator yest, of Missour, that little man sitting there square to the front, with his head sink down between his shoulders and no neck to speak of. For giving him a small body nature has compensated Mr. Vest with an extraordinarily bright mind. He is a sharp, withy, sarcastic speaker; a good man in a hot o

him.

The discussion has got around now to Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, a fine looking man with an orotund voice, who talks of hand in a plain, businesslike way and gives out a deal of hard sense. As soon as he begins there somes out of the closk room a little knot of republicans, and towering over them all a tail man with a short, black beard



and thin face. He is a particularly quiet, almost difficent looking man, and you will not see him oppor his head all day in all probability. If you saw him on the street you would take him for a cellege professor or perhaps a Methodist minister from the rural districts.

NOT SO RASHEUL AS HE LOOKS.

See how physiognomy deceives you. That diffident looking man has probably more nersonal courage in his make-up than any other man in the Senate, except, porhaps, Mr. Cockrell, of Missouri. He is Senator Saunders, of Montane, the leader of the famous vigilance committee in that State when it was in the hands of thugs and bandits. Mr. Saunders is said to have personally superintended some sizty-three hanging bees in which the formalities of law were omitted. The story is that his part of the proceedings was usually to fit the rope around the condemned gentleman's neck and then kick the mile out from under him, but some of these particulars are deried. At any rate there is no doubt that Mr. Saunders cleared Montano of as desporate a gang of outhroats as ever deserved hanging and he did it at the imminent and daily risk of his life.

I spoke a minute ago of Ingelle as an author of popular phrases. One time in the last session a question came up about the location of the new statue of Lafayette, which had been determined unsatifisatedrily in several places. There had been a good deal of this kind of trouble about other statues, that beautiful work of six which represents George Washington in a bath robe having in particular been shifted pretty much all over the Capitol plaza. After the discussion had gone on for a time Mr. Ingalis get up and made one of his characteristic speeches, in which the stransam flashed in and out like gold thread in a piece of embroidery. In the sourse of his remarks he gravely sauned the President that it made no difference where the statues was placed. "The statues of Washington,"



WOLCOTT, OF COLORADO.

he said, "are migratory, peripatetic, fugitive and wandering. If we do not like the position this work occupies to day we may be better pleased with te situation it will hunt up to morrow." Well, the guides set that "migratory, peripatetic, fusitive and wandering" business off new. Without knowing much about what it means, they say Senator ingalis said it, and that's enough.

Senator ingalls said it, and that's enough.

Mr. Ingalls cherishes no warm affection for President Harrison. One time last session he was tring to get somebody appointed to some cheap office in Kanass and to that end visited the White House several times. Mr. Harrison listened to his appeals in his usual manner, to wit, looking out of the window as though he heard nothing, and at last said that as there was some opposition to Mr. Ingalls' candidate he thought he should nominate one of his friends from indians.

Mr. President, "said Mr. legalls, "if you have any friends in indiana or anywhere cise for God's sake nominate them. I withdraw my application. Good meraing."

sake nominate them. I withdraw my application. Good moraing."

I imagine that two slight rays of comfort shone on the White House in the midst of the November rout. One was the defeat of Ingalis and the other the defeat of Senator Farwell, of Illinois.

The debate on the intolerable wrongs of the built up gun has dragged along until it is five o'clock, and a weak, piping voice in the rear of the chamber moves to adjourn. Mr. Morion puts the motion perfusciorily, a few Senators send up a drowsy and haif audoble "aye" and then slowly and with due respect to their exalted station pace away. As they go the upon the street they meet a good many people who salute them, and that gives us a chance to disprove another false rumor commonly enter-



OF CABINET RECEPTIONS.

How Calls in Washington Are Returned on a Wholesale Scale.

VISITING CARDS BY THE BUSHEL.

Cabinet Day at Mrs. Wanamaker's and Vice President Morton Filling a Social Emergency.



ASHINGTON, Feb. 7, 1891.-Lent begins next Wednesday, and Washington society for the next forty days will, metaphorically speaking. put on sackcloth, cat fish on Fridays and squat in the ashes of repentance. The season has been one of the gayest, and the dinners, teas and receptions have been numerous and extravagant. The Cabinet receptions gave a and the bridal couples to see the noted women of Washington, and the Cab-inet ladies tell me their

These Cabinet receptions are peculiarly an American institution. All the wives of President Harrison's counsellors are supposed to be at home every Wednesday during the social season, and the doors are thrown open to all. I suppose it would be a small estimate to say that Mrs. Wanamaker has shaken hands with twenty thousand people at her Wednesday receptions this season, and you could hardly crowd the cards she has received into a two bushel basket.

Let us join the crowd of tourists and make a call upon her. The streets are dry, the day is pleasant, and we walk, going past the White House, by the Corcoran Gallery, past the Metropolitan Club, where Count Arco Valley, with his monocle tightly pinched by the fiesh around his left eye, looks at us, and on up to Farragut square, on the south side of which is now rising the cream colored brick mansion on the ruins of the fire which caused the death of Mrs. Secretary Tracy.

THE WANAMAKER RECEPTION. At the corner of Farragut square we turn to the right along I street, and stop before a big, square, three story maneion of red brick, with a sort of Grecian portice over its front door. The street is filled with carriages and coachmen, and footmen in livery, with bugs on their hats, sneer at us as they sit stiff and straight on the carriages of the nabobs. A wide awning extends from the front door to the edge of the roadway and there is a carpet laid across the sidewalk and up the steps in order that Dame Fashion may not soil her feet in A portly butler stands at the head of this and the

door has apparently opened by magic, swinging noiselessly back on its big brass hinges as we walk up the steps. He takes our cards on what looks like a collection plate and motions us to the right.



We keep on our wraps and go in as our names are A handsome lady in announced in loud tones. evening dress stands near the door.

It is Mrs. Wansmaker. She is straight, well formed and sine looking, and the smile with which she shakes our hands is a genuine one. She says a word or so about the beautiful day, and then passes us on to the other ladies of the reception party, who are also dressed with trains, and who are among the distinguished women of the country. I note that one of them is very pretty, and that her dress is a corn colored silk, and that another has on a light blue crope with a gold girdle and trimmings. This last lady is quite young. She has a beau-tiful form, and her face has strength as well as beauty. Her name was blurred over as we passed by her, and my friend asks in a whisper who she may be.

"Why, that," was my reply, "is Miss Minnie Wanamaker. She is the daughter of the Postmaster General and she is one of the brightest girls in Washington. The diplomats are crazy over her and she is one of the best catches in America. Wanamaker is worth at least \$6,000,000 and he has only four children."

washington. The diplemats are erary over her and she is one of the best catches in America. Wanamaker is worth at least \$8,000,000 and he has only four children."

SOME OF THE CALLERS.

These words are whispered, and we move back under a beautiful painting and I give a running commont on some of the wistors as they enter:—"That grayhaired lady in black, with the bright eyes and fresh face, is Mrs. General Logan. She is well to do now, and she is just beginning to go into society after her husband's death. She drives one of the finest turnouts in Washinston, and there is no more popular woman in the country.

"The pretty dark faced little girl behind her is Mrs. Major Tucker, and that tall, fine looking man is her husband, the Major. You see men call here, as well as well

another rich woman with beautiful daughters, and there is Mrs. Senator Wolcott, who is also rich and preity. She is a newcomer in Washington, but seems to be growing very popular."

"But let us go on to the dining room." said my friend. And with that we walked on through elegantly furnished apartments into a long room so big that you could turn a two horse wazon load of hay in it without touching the walls. This room was lighted from the top, and its walls were decorated with some of the finest pictures in the country. The paper on the walls was of satin, good enough to make a dress, and it was of such a tint as to throw out the pictures.

The Postmaster General has perhaps a \$100,000 or so invested in the canvas which is hung on these walls, and it is the same throughout the other rooms of the house. The dining room is also hung with sain, and as we came in here I saw deneral Van Vilet taking a glass of Bethany punch. As the cool, lemonade like liquid flowed down his throat I noticed a spasm of surprise crawling from his ohim on up toward his norse and or until it mantled his fair brow and reached the roots of his frosted silver hair. The General, like most of the army officers, likes punch, but he does not approve of the article when not made with the best of old Jamaica rum or some other spirituous liquor.

Mrs. Postmaster General Wannamaker is a temperance woman. She does not permit wine to be sorted at her Cabinet dinners, and she has inangurated this Bothany punch, which is a combination of lemons and oranges flavored in some peculiar way that makes if actually appetizing. It has become quite popular in Washington and you find it everywhere now, even though the Simon Pure intoxication article is served from a different bowl at the same time. As we munched over indigestible salted almonds and took a cup of tea from a piece of china that was worth its weight in gold lasked my friend to take note of a man standing on the other side of the room. He was a tall, well formed, fine looking man here be been the be



AT MES. WANAMARER'S.

great as that at the Postmaster General's, and my friend seemed supprised at the number of public men she saw, and aaked me who were the chief beaus among the statesmen.

OUR SHATESMEN AS REAUS.

"Fully one-half the Senators and Representatives," said I, "like to be considered as society men. That tail man, with the big head, the beety shoulders and the face like a great Chinese doll is Speaker Read. This is the first time I have seen him out this season, but he usually goes to the receptions and he looks like another man when you see him in a dress coat. The Vice President makes the regular round of suclety.

The diplomats all call, and they are among the most popular of the society beaus. The Chinese Minister and the Corean Minister are among the callers, and the Corean Minister are among the callers, and the Corean Minister are among the callers, and the Corean Minister are among the society should be a supposed in his clothing its wife with him. I mut him last night, and noting that there was some change in his clothing I saked what it meant. He replied he was in mourning.

"Oh," said I, "I suppose you are in mourning for

"Oh," said I, "I suppose you are in mourning for your little child who died the other day?"

"Oh, no," said he. "I am sorry for my child, but I do not mourn for her. I mourn for our Queen Bowager, the greatest woman in Kores, who died a few months ago."

will Cabinet calling last? Yes, I suppose so. Mrs. Sceretary Maine is the only Cabinet woman who has, so far as I know, ever objected to it. She will receive none but her triends on most Cabinet days, and taken and the work of the Secretary.

Why should we have Cabinet calle? Why should our Cabinet officers' wives have to dress up and put themselves on dress parade to be looked at by people about whom they don't care a cent overy Weancaday afternoon? The expense of the receptions is something. I know of some Cabinet officers who spend three and four times their salarios and can't afford to spend once the amount they receive. I know of others who would drop Cabinet receptions to day if they could, and of still there who say they like them. The returning the calls is quite an item of troubis and expense.

Let us they receive the theory of the same expected to return all calls wow returned, the thought of the that all calls wow returned, they can and the time was when the President's wife was expected to return all calls made upon ber. Mrs. Fairchild, who received as many as eight thousand calls on one day, tried to return all of them. She found, if impossible, however, for manyof the cards all on the found, and the circlery they could not be found. Mrs. Senator Sherman once told me that in attempting to return a call made upon looking for the names in the directory they could not be found. Mrs. Senator Sherman once told me that in attempting to return a call made upon looking for the names in the directory they could not be found. Mrs. Senator Sherman once told me that in attempting to return a call made upon looking for the names in the directory they could not be found. Mrs. Senator Sherman once told me that in attempting to return a call made upon looking for the names and any of the Cabinet Mades on one returned, and the lady who had called upon her kept. amiliary setablishmens whose charge and he had been an any of the Cabinet Ministers, and the vice President per receptions is one of the spain of the contro

WHAT LORE COSTS. Antiquary-The Guttenberg types cost a good

deal of money, sir. Sportsman-You bet they did. I dropped elever hundred on Reporter myself!